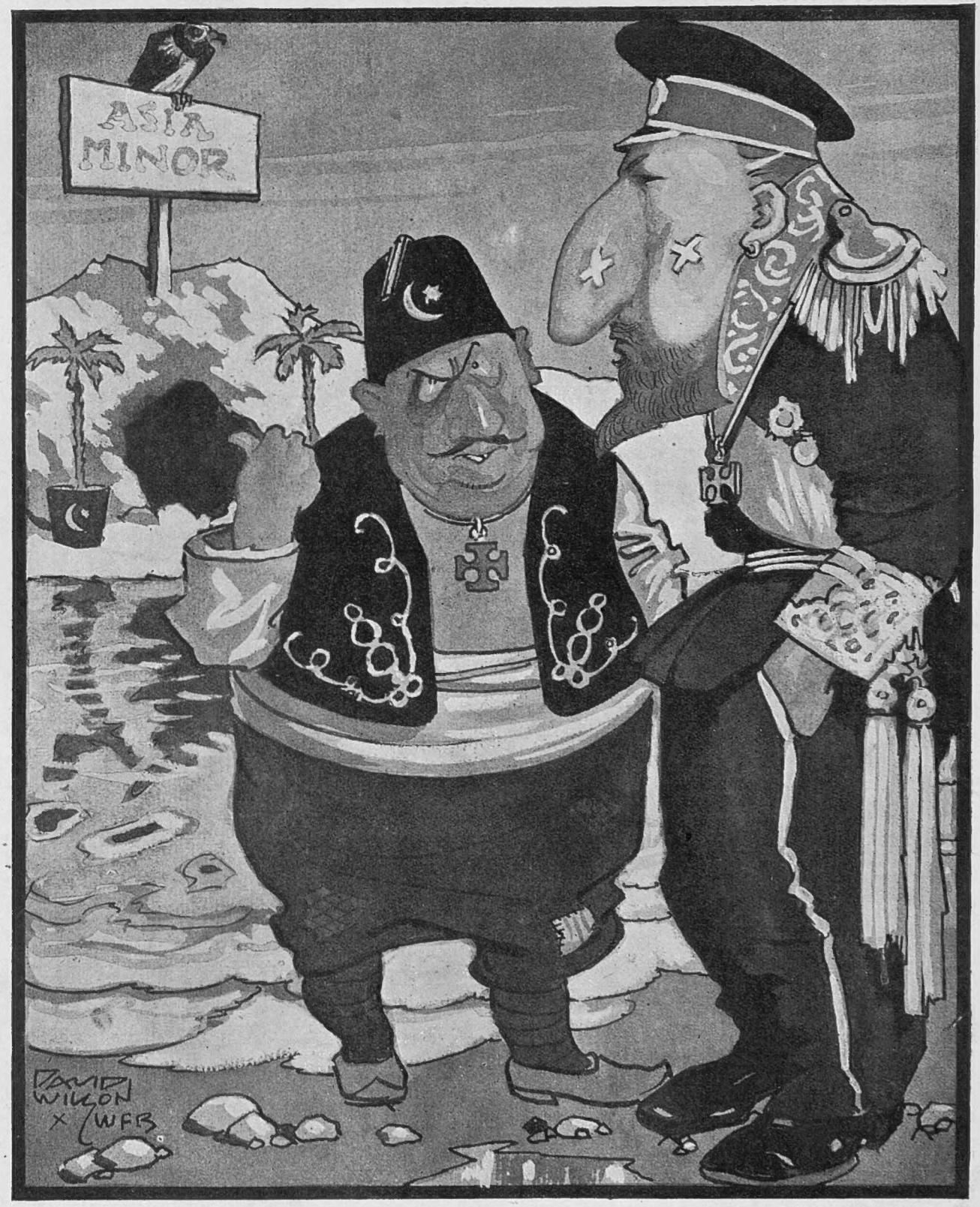
The Bystander, October 9, 1918.—No. 775. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER



A BETTER 'OLE

THE TIRED TURK *to* FATIGUED FERDINAND: "If the worst comes to the worst, don't forget, Ferdy, old sport, there's always a glass of sherbet and a woodbine for you in my old funkhole across the water!"

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This humorous impression of the August position on the Western Front is the work of an Army Pupil of the Press Art School.

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"*with 'The Windsor Magazine.' This totals*
"*eight sketches sold during the past week.*"

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Prince—Pax!

THE very latest excursion of the Dove of Peace, launched by Prince Max of Baden, is the most elaborate flight that that wayward fowl has hitherto attempted. Germany's idea is, apparently, that she can ravage and burn French and Belgian cities without compunction, as, after all, these are only foreign places. But when there seems a likely chance of distinctly personal reprisals, the Kaiser's representatives talk in lofty tones of humanity and the natural craving of a tired world for a cessation of the war.

Divide et Impera

THE appeal to President Wilson is, of course, a peculiarly Prussian move. Even when piping of peace, the Prussian dove keeps, so to speak, its claws on the half-cock. There is just a faint hope that the latest move may result in a division of the Allies, and from the Prussian point of view it is worth following up, anyway. The French, who have the greatest right to be consulted, have not been backward in explaining that they can only talk of peace when their invaded territory has been evacuated; but the Prussian is conveniently deaf in that ear; and he has given France an uncouth hint that any re-arrangement of her affairs must come from outside, anyway. No doubt President Wilson with the native sense of courtesy that is denied to the Prussian, will adjust the balance more nicely, and will mention incidentally that when one talks of peace—even only a bluff peace—one should endeavour to approach the subject with an air that carries conviction.

Shifting the Responsibility

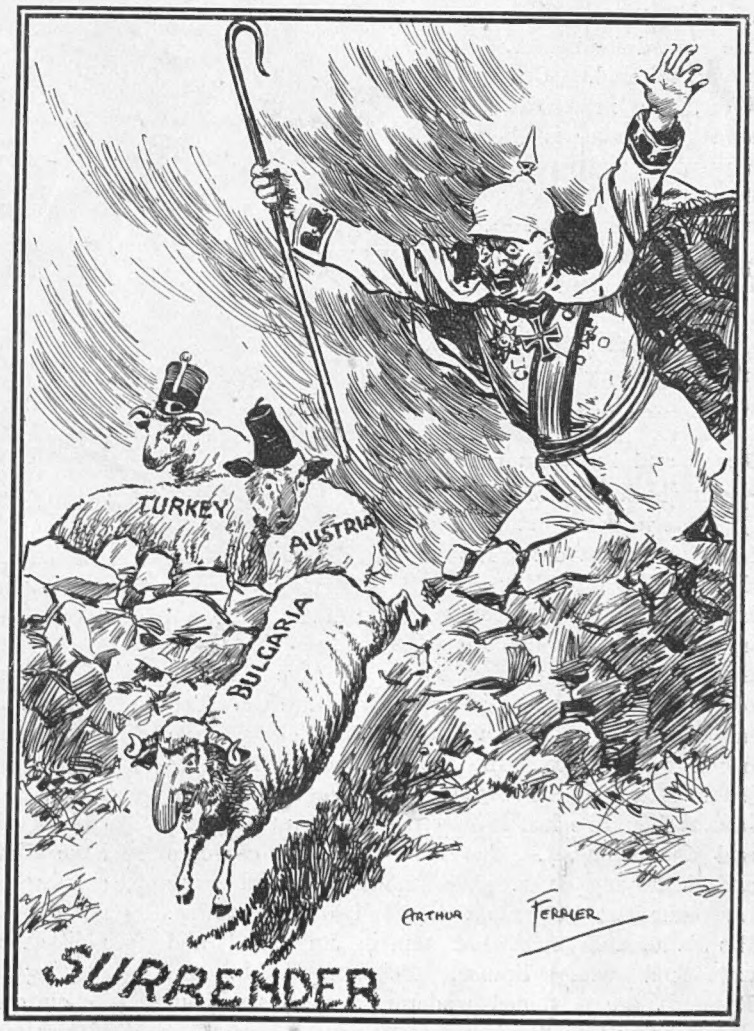
READERS of the famous "Willy and Nicky" correspondence will recall the Kaiser's friendly advice to the Tsar during the Japanese War, which was to the effect that the Russian people should be allowed to have a voice in the peace negotiations, so that if anything went wrong they and not the dynasty could be held to blame. The Kaiser's rather clumsy setting of the same kind of stage device in Germany indicates that history is about to repeat itself—in fact the All-Highest is taking the unusual step of trying a dose of his own medicine. The Reichstag has now been consulted on the peace question, and if the docile members show a positive leaning towards peace, it can be explained to them that they can have it on the Allies' terms, but that if they had only had the sense to leave the war to the Kaiser and his experts, a real, home-made German victory would have followed as a matter of course.

"The People of Germany"

MEANWHILE, it appears that a petition to the Kaiser has been signed by no fewer than seven citizens of Hanover praying his Imperial Majesty to sweep away this dreadful democratic movement, and constitute himself an absolute Dictator. It does not say whether the seven citizens claim to be "the people of Germany," but if so, it looks as if the Germans, with their insatiable appetite for annexation, are trying to lay violent hands on our own immortal Tooley Street.

Between Two Fires

THE position of Turkey is a rather delicate one just now. The Young Turks, it is said, want



LEAVING THE "CROOK"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

to make peace, but as most of the administrative posts in Constantinople are occupied by Germans, and the guns of the famous "Goeben" are trained on the city itself, Turkey can hardly feel she has got a free hand. They have probably noticed in France and Belgium that when the Huns decide to wipe out a city they do the job thoroughly, and they are naturally a little anxious. A short while ago the Kaiser wept copiously—not to say crocodiliously—at the thought that the Allies wanted to turn the dear Turks out of their European homes. Evidently he preferred the German way of blasting them out.

A Week of Wonder

HAD one been born with Adam and lived till to-day, the past ten days would have been without parallel. The black pall that threatened all that good and great men and women have wrought for the world through the ages has been pierced, and we now know that the future is for liberty and right. And the thrilling wonder of it is the swiftness of the reward for heroes who never faltered. On the West, the most devilish skill of man is being frustrated, and impassable barriers are being torn asunder; and in the East, triumph after triumph in lands ever sacred to our living and dead. Serbia's death-thrust at Bulgaria is but an augury of world-wide justice to come.

Peace and Punishment

ALL the longed-for gains have been snatched from the marauder. His dream of an Eastern Empire has been blurred in a sea of blood. All that he has left to fight for is to save his lair of a fatherland and his own swinish skin. The murderers are at bay, and our grand fellows have closed with them. In their desperate hand-to-hand work we know who will win. But not an instant should be lost in determining the punishment and announcing it. The Hun is mining churches and destroying cities. We—thank God—will spare his churches, but must lay toll on his towns. His Fatherland must not remain unscathed and untouched while France, Belgium, Serbia and Rumania are a ruined wilderness. And the Hun should know this *now!*

FERDY TO CONSTANTINE

"Is that Tino? Please reserve me a room"

At the Finish—Food

I AM told by a great expert that our enemies at the end will have to come humbly to us for food. Food supplies will be a great part of the final peace terms. The whole world will suffer for some time from an acute shortage, and the main world sources are in our hands. Well, are we going to ration them on the same basis that we have fed their prisoners? "Germany is starving," will be the cry, and we shall be told to love our enemies. I trust that we shall have a sound public opinion on this. Let us give them the barest necessaries—if we can spare them—and not a single oat beyond.

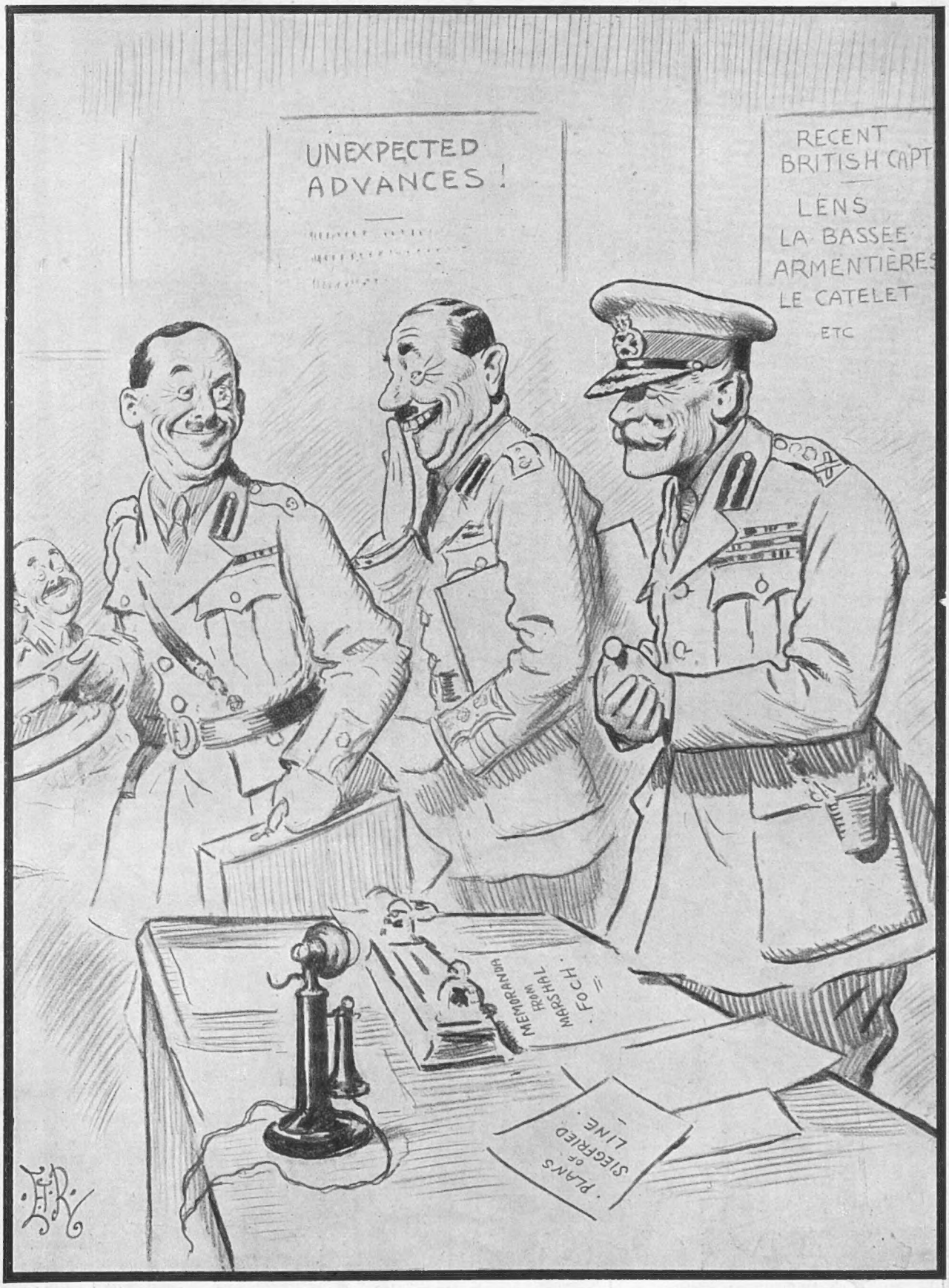
Internment and After

I AM only one of a host who feel that a statement with regard to those whom we have interned is long overdue. Are those people one fine day to be set free and welcomed back to their homes and work amongst us? Once a German always a German. If they were a danger in war-time, they will equally be a danger in peace-time. Besides we don't want them, and simply won't have them. Those horrid guttural voices of theirs we never again want to hear in our lifetime. British citizenship has found a new pride, and has also learnt a new necessity. If the Government will announce definitely that all such are to be cleared out, bag and baggage, they will merely be anticipating an irresistible national demand.

Who is Winning the War?

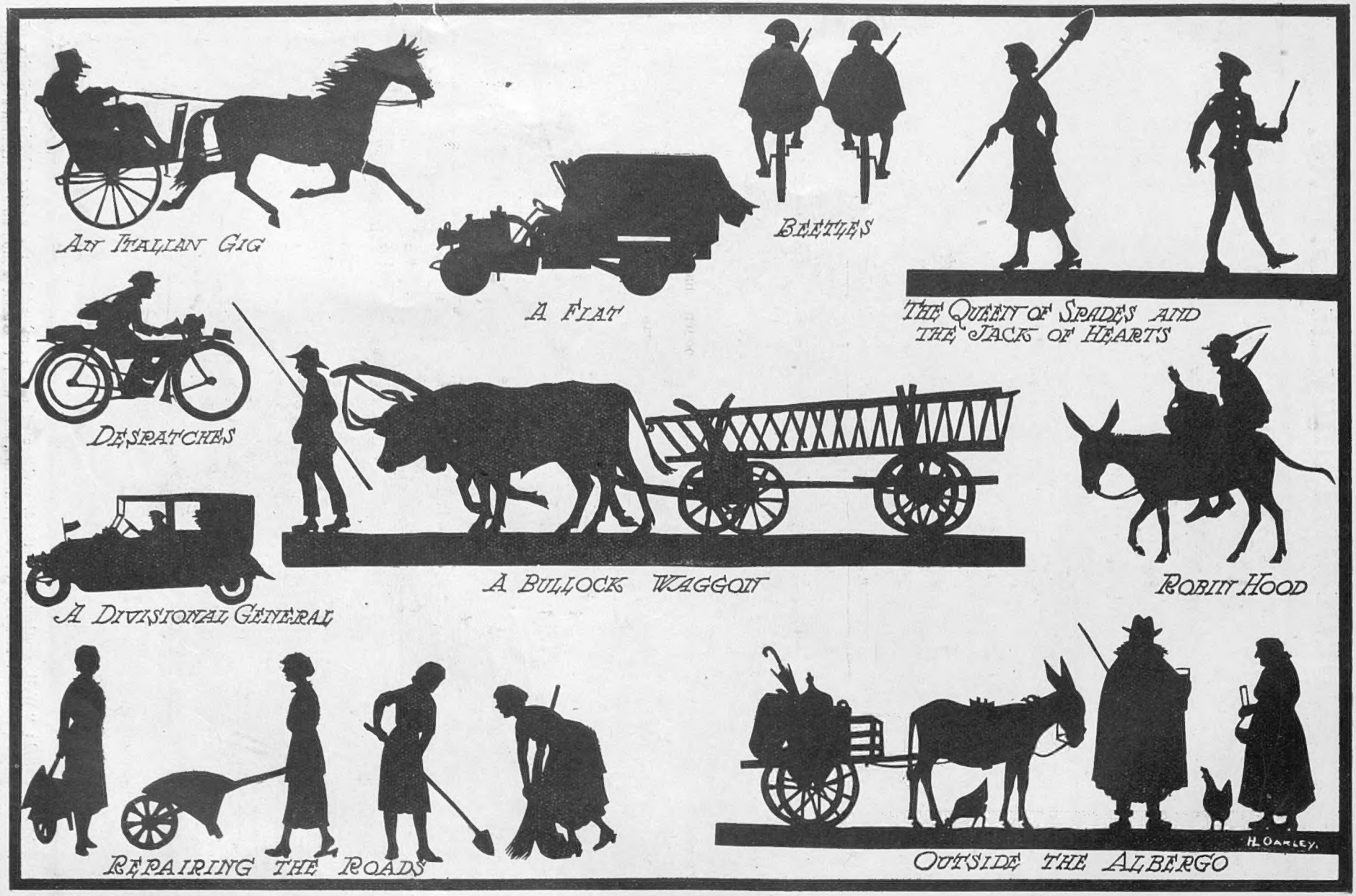
PEOPLE are getting very sick of the general election ramp, for it is nothing else. We are now told that it is absolutely necessary to clear the Pacifists out of Parliament. Simply twaddle. What has happened to DORA. She is just as capable of keeping M.P. Pacifists in straight waistcoats as she would be—if she were so employed—of making an end of traitorous strike leaders. The Government have all the powers they need. What they lack is simply moral courage. This election business is sheer opportunism. The war is going finely, and politicians seek an advantage from it; and the fighting men, who alone have gained success, will be quite lucky if they give a vote and luckier still if they know to whom they are giving it.

A Flight of Fancy at G.H.Q.



SIR DOUGLAS *(breezily)*: "Well, gentlemen; fortified, invigorated and refreshed by the cheery Celtic cordiality of Mr. Lloyd George's personal messages of congratulation, and with the right honourable gentleman's eloquent and glowing eulogies still (ahem!) ringing in our ears, so to speak, we will proceed to the duties of the day"

The Open Road in Italy



PASSED BY CENSOR

"Every form of travelling is here seen—the slow-moving ox-waggon, the heavily laden donkey, the smart Italian gig, the gendarmes, always in pairs, patrolling on "push" bicycles, motors, strings of camions and lorries, Italian, French, and British, the luxurious automobile, and the speedy motor-cycle. As in France and Flanders, the roads are long and straight, but there is little mud, and they are kept in splendid condition by the women and old men"

The BYSTANDER OVERSEAS

"Somewhere in France"

THE DELIGHTS OF TRAVEL

My Dear Bystander—

I have always maintained that for a journey in a troop train a small carpentering set is as necessary a part of one's equipment as is a toothbrush or a tin-opener.

Armed with a few carpentering tools the traveller is able to occupy the long, weary hours in indulging not only in a fascinating pastime while at the same time accomplishing a public service, but incidentally to enhance his own comfort by about a hundred per cent.

Long ago I appreciated this eternal truth, and yet, when selected by the Military Machine to commit my body to a travelling barracks for the best part of a week, I concentrated my whole attention upon refreshment for the body and forget the rest.

The very first shower of rain brought me consciousness of my folly.

I don't care what anybody says, effectually to plug holes in a roof through which rain water percolates with dreary insistence requires more substantial material than is provided by bits of bully beef driven home with a spoon handle. It is not so easy as it looks in the dark to stop the windows of a railway carriage from rattling like false teeth in a typhoon; also a tin-opener employed to raise a window from which the strap has been removed by the former tenant evidently desirous of possessing a souvenir to remind him of a happy youth spent in journeying across France, and with which, perhaps, to reply to enthusiastic grandchildren eager to know what he did in the Great War, is emphatically not the proper instrument. You can't get a purchase with it. I dropped mine down the sash whence no power on earth (save a railway accident) can ever hope to retrieve it.

We were somewhat handicapped on our train in having a humorist for an engine-driver. Apart from this failing he was as charming a man as you could wish to meet, and only too ready to place his private information at our disposal. At periodic intervals along the line a thoughtful administrator had constructed little rows of wooden washstands where begrimed soldiery may, in the fullness of time, regain something approaching a human appearance. Obviously the first thing is to ask the engine-driver his intentions. No one could have been more obliging. His reply is always the same.

"*Qu'est ce que vous voulez que je vous dis, moi,*" he will hiss with arms outstretched. "*Comment voulez vous. Je n'en sais rien, moi!*"

"*Merci* bocoo!" we reply delightedly, and rush away hugging a large piece of yellow soap to our bosom; and as, naked to the waist, we stand in the wind buried beneath a lather of soap the engine never fails to emit a sudden shriek of pain that can be heard a dozen leagues away. Gripping somebody else's shirt in one hand and half a dozen soapy objects in the other we beat it madly for the train our lungs emitting sounds like perforated bagpipes. "*Vous-partez*

PASSED BY CENSOR

A MATTER OF A PINION

"An' 'e says, 'Did you 'ave anything to do with intricate machinery before the war?' And when I ses 'yes,' he says 'You're just what we want for the Tank Corps,' wivout givin' me a chance to say I'd bin a watchmaker!"

donc? we gasp with eyeballs starting out of our head. The driver regards us in pained astonishment.

"*Que voulez-vous que je dis,*" he exclaims in weary tones. "*Je n'en sais rien, moi!*"

. . . . . ;

We were also somewhat unlucky in losing the services of Major Wotherspoon, officer i/c rations. Fond of country life, the major had wandered into an adjoining field with the genial intention of culling blackberries. Absorbed in this fascinating pursuit and being somewhat hard of hearing he failed to respond to our despairing cries, and the last thing we saw as the train rounded a bend in the line was a stout figure in a semi-stooping position busily engaged in extricating a thorn from the seat of his breeches. However, I understand that the blackberry is a very sustaining fruit.

Yours ever, JACK JOHNSON

IN PARIS

"When we were returning at slow pace, Edouard and I . . . ."

RAID SHELTERS

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

IT is again the season of the Gothas. Almost we have forgotten the little road to the cellar when the sirens have the night of a Sunday so disgustingly awakened our sleep. It was already one o'clock and a half, and I have been so sleepy because all the afternoon we have played the tennis at the Racing Club, and we have dined there *en plein air* on the *terrasse* because it still makes like summer, and stayed to see how beautiful was the moon in the Bois.

WHEN we were returning at slow pace Edouard, who is not at all a poet, has said: "It is the weather absolutely to make a raid." But I have not remembered to wear the *pyjame de soie* which I have for the occasion, or to arrange my *bougie*, my warm *peignoir*, the furs, and all the things which are so necessary if one must descend.

IT is so, too, with all our house. Our Parisians so quick forget the precautions, and there were quite a many who were refuged in a nothing at all against the cold of the cellar. It is now more interesting in our cellar because that the police have made of it an *abri publique*. All the world which passes in the street can demand to have shelter.

LIKE that it is very amusing because that one can hear so many strange conversations. I think that our French people are like the ostriches, who put their head in the sand; they think because that it is dark no one can hear. For example, there were a two who had come from another house where were not so good caves. How monsieur has grumbled to have left his bed and has wished to return.

"REST you," madame has said. "One could believe you were a *jeune marié* to hear you talk of the bed, and not a man of sixty years." There was a someone in a dark corner who has laughed to hear what madame has said, and she was very angry. "I think," she has said, quite loud, "that they are the very ordinary people in this house."

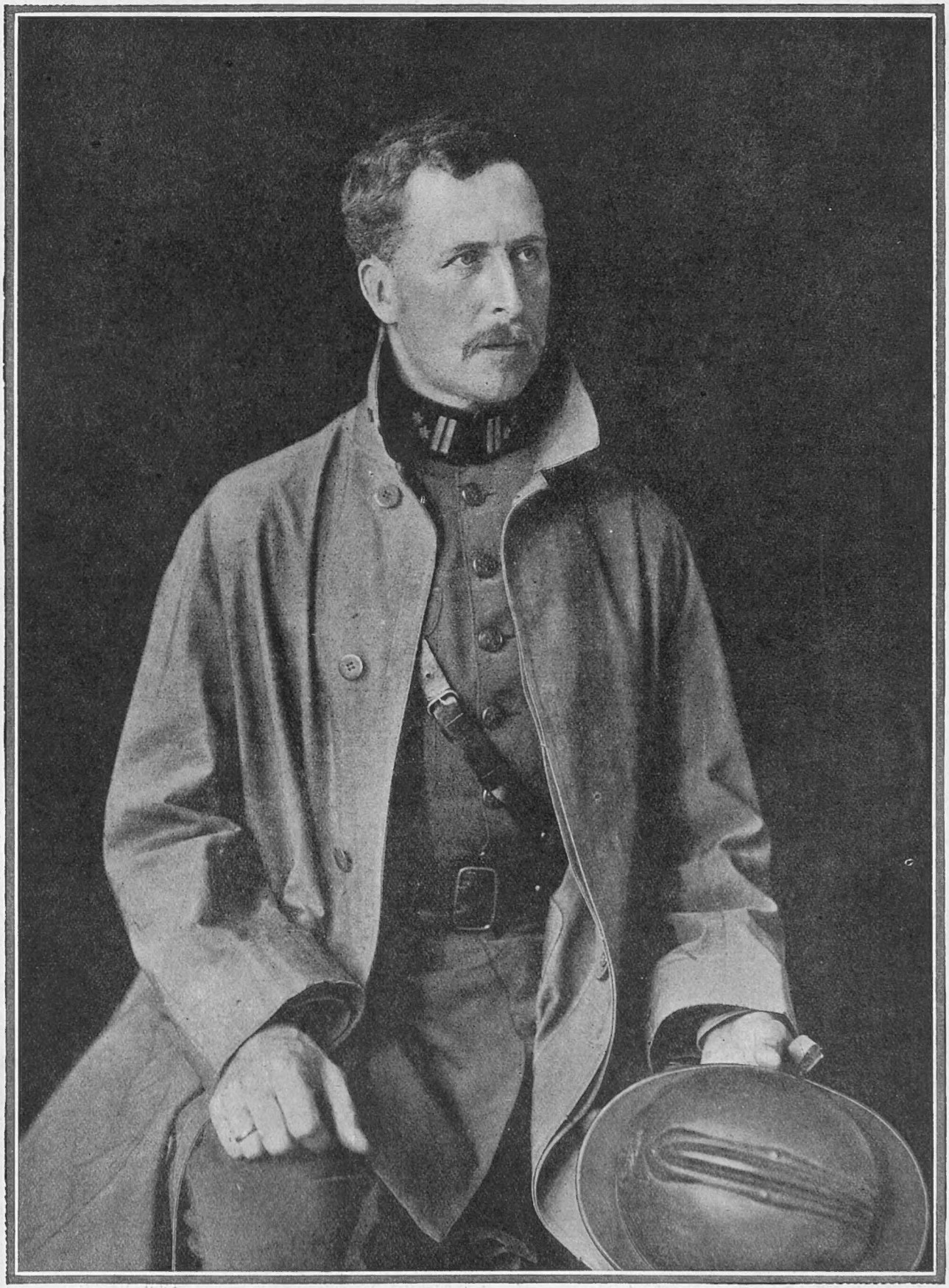
WHAT a commotion it has caused that. "Madame had done better to rest in the bed with her husband of sixty years than to come here to insult and to take the room of our cave," one has said; and another—I have thought it was the girl who has laughed—has cried out: "Perhaps monsieur might find it quite agreeable in our cave if madame would allow that he should descend alone."

IT is without doubt that some who were in the cave have enjoyed themselves very well. In the *couloir* outside our cave, where were most of the people who were come from the street, it was very dark because there was only one little lamp and there were two soldiers of your army who fell down the stone stairs so hard a bump.

(*Continued on page 58*)

". . . . to wear the pyjame de soie . . ."

Dawn at Last!



Photograph THE HERO KING OF THE BELGIANS *Speaight*

Who, after four long years of exile and sacrifice, is now personally directing the victorious Belgian and British forces in driving back the criminal invaders of his tortured country

THE one spoke a very bad language, but when he has found he has not broken the neck he has said: "Where are you, Tom?" Tom has not replied at all and his friend began to shout for him so that everyone was annoyed, and some of the women were quite frightened.

BUT Tom has quietened him. "Shut up, you ass!" he has said. "I'm here in the corner. Struck a bit of all right what has forgotten her corset and likes my protecting arm." It was the next day that our *bonne* Léonie has told me how it was our *concierge* whom the English soldier had so warmly embraced. She has fifty years and it was well it was so dark he has not seen her face. I think he would have had a disappointment of his "piece of all right," if someone had lighted a match.

AFTER a twenty minutes the so exciting sentiment of danger which one has of the scream of the sirens dies quite away and we begin to be so sleepy. Even the noise of the barrage is not sufficient to prevent that Léonie and M. Monis, our neighbour, should fall to sleep. It so frightened everyone when they did that because they have commenced to *ronfler* in a duet of two notes.

"I think they are very ordinary people in this house"

"ATTENDEZ!" I have heard someone to whisper out in the *couloir*: "There they are — listen. *Voilà!* It is a Gotha for sure. My son who is in the D.C.A. has told me often it is like that the noise they make. There is the one engine which says 'brr' quite high and another which says 'brr' quite low. *Voilà encore* 'brr, brr!'"

EVERYONE has shifted the chairs and fidgeted the feet so nervously. It has become so loud, the duet of Léonie and M. Monis, one could hear it distinct in the barrage. "He is very near," said one, and "My husband says that the Boche have now the bombs which will demolish even to the cellar," said another. Lucile who has heard of what they talked laughed out loud, and everyone said: "*Taisez-vous là*—it is not the moment to laugh."

IT was the poor M. Monis who has made the end of our joke. He was fallen to sleep in an old garden chair which we have put in the cellar for the raids, and quite suddenly it has broken. All in a heap he has fallen to the floor and at that moment there was an explosion formidable of one of the auto-guns which run in the street.

BUT M. Monis is a very gallant man. He has the heart of a lion though he is very old. He thought when he has so suddenly

"I think he would have had a disappointment if someone had lighted a match"

wakened on the floor and heard the great noise that it was at least a bomb of five hundred kilos. But he has cried: "Courage, *mesdames*. There is no danger"; and he has embraced the old Léonie who was wakened up with the noise and was begun to scream.

EVERYONE who was in the *couloir* crowded to the door to see what was happened, and M. Monis made them a speech. "Be tranquil, my friends," he said. "Do not excite yourselves. Soon the *pompiers* will arrive and we shall be saved."

IT was unfortunate that Lucile has spend the time of the raid to examine the corkings of our cognac of 1830, because she had placed many bottles on the floor, and it may have been harmful to the reputation of M. Monis. There was certainly one who said: "He is *soûl*, lucky fellow." But just then the *pompiers* have sounded the *berloque* and the church bells have rung, and everyone was hurried off to bed.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

Some Snag

PASSED BY CENSOR

OF COURSE, THIS IS WHERE YOUR MACHINE-GUN STICKS

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

By "JINGLE."
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

At the beginning of the play all the characters on the stage are sympathising deeply with Roxana, for it is understood that she became a widow immediately after her marriage. When she appears for the first time she is wearing a decorative outfit of black, and is easily moved to tears by any reference to her late husband, Mr. Clayton. It subsequently transpires, however, that she is not a widow at all. Just after the wedding she caught her new husband kissing good-bye to another lady, and his light-hearted but over-candid explanation that he was merely clearing up an old "affair," prior to settling down respectably, not unnaturally hurt her pride. Therefore she left him abruptly, and gave out to her friends that he was dead, while she put the law in motion to secure a divorce. At Mrs. Jackson's villa she meets her husband again. By an unexpected turn of fortune's wheel he is now the Duke of Moreland (Mr. Basil Sydney), but, of course, that does not make him any more attractive to her. It naturally would not. So that when he explains that inside of seven days he is going to win her back she laughs the idea to scorn. Ha, ha! so to speak.

ONE does not need a very wide experience of playgoing to know how the story will end after that. We know that the young people will come together again at the finish, and that the interest of the next two acts will depend on the author's ingenuity in trying to defer the obvious climax so that his obstacles will carry conviction with them. Whether he actually succeeds to this extent is a very small matter either way. Even if the obstacles are not to be taken seriously, they are very good fun. Miss Doris Keane as the heroine is her delightful self all the while, so that the plot is really a secondary matter after all. The most serious obstacle is provided by Mrs. Jackson, an amusing character, most divertingly played by Miss Athene Seyler.

THE Duke, finding that his conquest of Roxana is not proceeding "according to plan," falls back upon the time-honoured ruse of provoking a little jealousy in Roxana's heart. He proposes that one evening, when Roxana is out visiting, he shall have a formal little *tête-à-tête* supper with Mrs. Jackson, who is a widow of the real, aggressive sort.

THE Duke's idea is that while the little supper is in progress Roxana will return and will be so upset by this apparently marked courtship of another lady, that she will fall into his arms and confess that he has won the contest. But the Duke's calculations are upset at the start. It is true that Mrs. Jackson has another admirer; but he is courting her in such a haphazard way that it is difficult to say whether she is engaged to him or not. Consequently it would be quite easy for her to throw over her languid admirer in favour of a real duke; and this little invitation to supper really looks like the beginning of serious overtures. The supper has hardly commenced before Mrs. Jackson, who seems to be admirably well versed in the wiles of her kind, protests that she will not dream of letting the Duke kiss her. As the Duke had never contemplated doing anything of the kind, he is not bowed down with disappointment at this confidential admission. Mrs. Jackson accepts with perfect equanimity the failure of the first attack, as it were, and steps back for a better jump. When the Duke is in course of asking her whether he may—pass the salt, or something of that sort, she clips his words short in the middle and observes archly that he may—kiss her, just once; and about that time in comes Roxana with a friendly hope that the young people are having a good time together, all the indications pointing rather emphatically in that direction anyway.

But this is a trifling obstacle. A little later we hear that the Duke has never heard of the divorce proceedings, and believing Roxana to be already his wife, he proposes to have no more of this nonsense. He just locks the door of the room and then says: "What about it?" Or words to that effect.

DORIS KEANE AS 'ROXANA' AND BASIL SYDNEY AS THE DUKE OF MORELAND

Roxana is then compelled to inform him that their divorce has just been made absolute, and that as she is not now his wife his behaviour borders on the verge of grave impropriety. Dear, dear! The Duke, however, observes that if they are not married they can easily run round to the justice of the peace and fix the business right away. Roxana ridicules the idea; but the Duke perseveres, and she is so bewildered by his arguments and his love-making that she springs to her feet and snatches up her hat. He asks her what she is going to do, and her despairing reply, flung at him with a nice recklessness that evokes a mighty cheer from the house, is: "Damn you! I'm going to marry you!" Just like that.

The third act takes place in Roxana's dressing-room, with a portion of a double bed peeping through an alcove to supply the local colour. At the commencement of the act the Duke and Roxana return from the marriage ceremony, and for practical purposes the play is over; but the rest of the act has got to be accounted for somehow, and so it is necessary to create one or two more obstacles in order to defer the happy conclusion for a little while longer. They tell me that a little interval of suspense of this sort pleases the ladies mightily; and, indeed, I could see them all about me craning their necks forward as if they feared they might otherwise miss a part of the lovely proceedings. It was an awful moment when Mrs. Jackson, who, of course, had not heard of the wedding, came into the room during the Duke's temporary absence to say that she didn't feel happy in her own room and would therefore like to pass the night with Roxana. When Roxana regretted her inability to fall in with such an arrangement the ladies in the audience seemed to breathe again more freely. And in due course the Duke returns and —the curtain falls amid loud cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. Indeed, some of the dear creatures looked as if they wished they could throw a little rice or confetti or something to mark their proper sense of the solemnity of the proceedings.

Simple as the story is, it is most daintily told. It is, of course, a personal triumph for Miss Doris Keane, who appears to have a very large and enthusiastic following. And justly so; for she acts throughout with fascinating ability, while here and there the playful little witticisms with which she sums up the situation of the moment add greatly to the charm of her part. The story is, of course, commonplace, but it becomes quite a golden romance by its admirable interpretation, and, as I have above indicated, it is likely to be very popular with the ladies for some time to come. Don't they say that the next best thing to having a wedding of your own is to be present at somebody else's?

JINGLE

A Beauty of the Plav

Photograph Bertram Park

Miss Madge Stuart, playing in "Chu Chin Chow" at His Majesty's

The "If" in the Car

With apologies to Rudyard Kipling

IF you can get up early every morning,
When you would much prefer to stay in bed,
If you clean your car without a warning
From the sergeant in command and not get "fed";
If you can drive along in any weather
And keep a cheery smile upon your face,
If you keep yourself in good boot leather,
When it wears out at a terrific pace;

If you can keep your radiator full of water
When it's leaking out in gallons on the road,
If you can run all day without a slaughter—
Of a chicken! or a cow, perchance a toad;
If you can manage to digest your luncheon
In ten and a half minutes by the clock,
And be back again at your destination
Without receiving an electric shock!

If you can laugh when your car declines to travel
And holds up all the traffic on the roads,
If you can find the fault and it unravel
Before the breakdown gang itself unloads;
If you can keep your hood from floating upwards
In every breeze and gale that doth appear,
If you can keep your various broken footboards
From slipping in and out your beastly gear;

If you can drive from nine o'clock to seven
Every day of the long week, and still live on;
If you can keep your temper until even,
You deserve a putty medal nobly won!
If you can put up with each hardship,
The weather, the passenger, your car,
And still keep bright—well, all that I can say is:
"You're a topper absolutely, nothin' bar."

Taking the Gases

A GAS CLOUD COMPETITION

THE "CLOUD" TRIES TO REACH THE OTHERS BEFORE THEY CAN ADJUST THEIR MASKS

AN ENTHUSIAST.

A DIRTY TRICK DURING A BREAK.

THE C.O. HAS HIS LITTLE JOKE

AN ENDURANCE TEST.

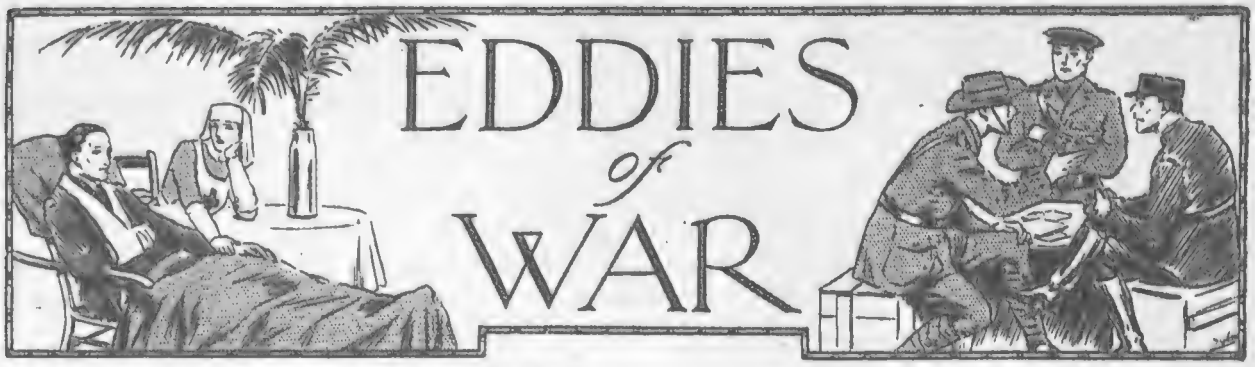
EDWIN MORROW

PASSED BY CENSOR

A COURSE AT AN ANTI-GAS SCHOOL

CAUGHT BY

THE TIDE



"IL MISÉRÉRÉ."

By DELL LEIGH

THE hotel was reaping its usual September harvest. Large sums were being spent daily upon the social amenities of life; from private suites on the first floor with bay windows overlooking the Atlantic and twenty-six shillings a bottle nightly for *Moët*, 1906, to the lesser bribery of golf caddies to hide on the beach until you arrived, in the fullness of time, on the first tee.

Daily the select company from the hotel, tired of making munitions and money in the Midlands, made holes instead in the fair face of the incomparable golf course, and all was happiness and peace.

Of intelligent human speech there was none; but a babel of tongues wandered incoherently round such doctrines as: "If I had taken my mashie at the ninth instead of the iron"—"I was three up on him at the twelfth, and you know what tosh I'm playing"—"Yes, my dear, she *says* her handicap is ten, L.G.U., but—well, I don't wish to be unkind"—"Look at those *awful* people, I'm sure they make shells"—"You've got to have one with *me*, now; nonsense, do you good—waiter!"

A warm sun smiled by day, and a fair moon looked wistfully down by night. The intrepid ships passed and repassed, unheeded, upon their perilous occasions. The papers prattled of gargantuan advances and immense measures of booty; and, in short, there was nothing further that could be sought for or declared.

But little did the women know of the heavy, soul-clogging tragedy that hung brooding about them—a tragedy like unto which the war was a detached and minor mishap, a thing to be read about from time to time and knitted for, and canteened for, when the fourth at bridge failed; but an episode merely—a *gaucherie* of other people, principally Germans. Very sad. But this—THIS—was too much. Human nature and the finer susceptibilities were never expected to bear shocks, and the tearing out of the heart from its very roots, as this would do, was doing. No.

The great misery began to filter in through corridors and bedrooms by the whispered warnings of chambermaids. It was contained in the one word RABIES. There was no doubt about it. The veterinary surgeons of the district had, it seemed, banded themselves together in a horrible Hunnish manner to deprive the ladies of their pet dogs, the poor darlings; and that very day the notice was found stuck to the swing doors of the lounge, containing a most preposterous order that no dog was to leave the town by any route or method for three months. It was ridiculous. It was a scandal. There was no rabies. There never had been any rabies. What *was* rabies, anyway?

"I can't possibly leave poor little Desirée behind." Desirée was a Chow, smitten with fleas and a secret grief, the latter because she saw her mistress daily without the enamel and the transformation. "One thing is certain, if I go back to London and leave Joy here, he will die." Behold Joy, a Pekinese, thirteen inches by three, without vision and without hope, who existed merely from one *table d'hôte* to the next, and waited between whiles, surreptitiously, to be trodden upon in half lights and cursed by all men.

There broke upon the peace and beauty of the coast line a wailing and a gnashing of teeth. One resourceful dame, due to return next day, bethought herself of dope, which was administered to a diminutive animal (breed unknown), who had never harmed anyone but himself, and was conveyed to town, unconscious, in his mistress's pocket. The next twenty-four hours were spent in breathless suspense until the pre-arranged wire came from London:

"Quite successful, but Galatea very ill, great difficulty in bringing him round, had to consult a specialist."

So *that* was no good; positively too cruel. Oh, the tragedy of it all! Upon the owner of Joy, whose lamentations had been the loudest, and whose conduct the most deplorable, there descended a man who had served in France.

"Aren't you making rather an exhibition of yourself? What is all this disgusting nonsense about the dogs? It seems to me that if rabies has broken out down here it is a direct act of a beneficent God. Are any of you women going to understand that we have a thing called a war in progress? Will you realise that every minute of the time you devote to these perfectly useless parasites of so-called dogs, men are gasping for water and dying in France? Has it ever occurred to you that you are spending weekly for the keep of this dog in the hotel exactly the amount of one soldier's separation allowance? Do you——?" But she had risen from the armchair, and Joy fell off her lap with a grunt. She looked at the soldier as if he were a leper clamouring for a kiss, her voice trembled with rage and hate as she hissed out:

"Kindly remember that this is a living, and a very precious, thing you are reviling, not a sponge or a toothbrush."

"I'm so sorry," he replied gaily to her retreating back. "My mistake—I thought it was!"

A "Scillie" Storm

PASSED BY CENSOR

How two airmen saved a large flying boat in a recent hurricane

NOT HIS DESTINATION

I ENJOY going to the War Office immensely. It gives me that delightful feeling of importance, that feeling of—er, well, anything you like. But I enjoy it, so I went. I desired a few particulars about the Tank Corps which I was keen to get into.

There were the usual crowd trying not to look self-conscious, and pretending they enjoyed being there as much as I did. But they didn't really.

I fiercely elbowed my way in (that is the way to do it), filled in the necessary paper stating my business, and then waited. Shortly—that is, in about twenty minutes—my name was called. My name is Bohun, pronounced Boon, but the man pronounced it phonetically. I raised no demur, but meekly followed an immature and supercilious boy-scout. We went up in a lift, walked for about ten minutes (it's a big place), then the boy disappeared into a room: he came out, said "Wait," and went off. I waited. An hour later I was beckoned into the room. A Staff Colonel waved me to a chair.

"Now then, Mr. Bowan."

"Bohun," I murmured, but he took no notice.

"The billet is a very important one." He regarded me impressively. "Of course you can speak Russian," he went on.

I stared at him dumbly. I did not know that Russian was a necessary qualification for the Tank Corps.

"*Mais oui*," I replied dazedly. I don't know why I said it, because I cannot speak Russian. I just felt I had to say something or burst into tears.

The Colonel twirled his monocle. "Oh, I don't understand the language!" he said. "Of course, ahem! the cold is intense up there."

"Oh—er—oh, yes, of course, intense!" I replied. You should always agree with Staff Colonels.

"Are you familiar with railways?"

"Very familiar."

What in the name of brass-hats had railways to do with tanks?

"Good. That is quite satisfactory."

Timidly I asked about the pay. He laughed as if I had made a priceless jest. "That is not my department. I don't understand that. However——" He pressed a button, scribbled something on a slip, and handed it to the boy-scout who had entered the room.

"Follow the boy. Good afternoon, Mr. Bowan."

After walking half a mile we reached the room. This time the boy took me straight in. He handed the paper to a civilian this time: he looked like a bank clerk.

"Staff Officer, Second Grade," he barked as he thrust the paper into my hand. "Pay and allowances twenty-five shillings a day. Good afternoon."

Out in the corridor I leant against the wall and passed my hand across my eyes. I was overcome. Staff Officer! Second Grade! Twenty-five shillings a day! Was I mad or dreaming? Had I been made Tank Commander-in-Chief? But Russian, railways, intense cold—where the devil was I? I examined the slip.

"BOWAN, CAPT. 1st Tinhats. Application for billet as Railway Transport Officer on the Murman Coast," I read.

Then it dawned on me. With bowed head and dragging steps I left that mighty building.

. . . . . .

I often wonder what happened to Capt. Bowan. Perhaps by this time he is in the Tank Corps, poor man. As for myself—well, I am not yet a Railway Transport Officer on the Murman Coast, but I often dream of the rank and pay.

G. W. NELSON

A "PROPER GANDER"

THE GANDER TRYING TO UNSEAT NEUTRALS: "I'm making a lot of noise, but it doesn't seem to be having any effect"

The Outs and the Ins

PASSED BY CENSOR.

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

WIND AND RAIN

By THE OLD GUARD

STRANGE it is, masters, that the coming of the autumn days should bring gloom to the faint of heart. For there are dismal folk, look you, who watch the passing of the summer as though it marked the end of all things—as though, forsooth! the stripping of the trees had opened a vista of the Valley of the Shadow itself. But, by the favour of the gods, not so we! We, with our greater wisdom and larger hope, see only in the wind and rain of autumn the first glorious sign of the coming of another spring. Standing on the hills we can look down and see the rich mantle of old gold with which the diligent blast is carpeting vale and mead below, bringing a new richness to the soil of the field so that in due time the earth shall bring forth her increase once again. We have thus but little patience with our poor brother who can see in the autumn nothing more than a hint that it is time he laid an extra blanket on his bed.

NONE the less, we shall hasten to admit that, in common with our fellow sinners, we had rather the autumn days were dry than wet, even though we are still able to command the serviceable remains of an ancient umbrella, a prize that is elusive enough, Heaven knows, when the chronic borrower is abroad. There is a legend of the great city that if you meet a stranger in the street and challenge his claim to the umbrella he holds, he will at once hand it to you with a contrite apology for having taken what was not his own. Have not even we, an enviable model of very rectitude, found ourself ere now at the close of a tumultuous day in the Street of Adventure with an umbrella for which we could not account? The task of finding the lawful owner of such a treasure is one of the greatest delicacy. If we should walk into the sanctum of one of these graceless editors and say that we had an umbrella that did not belong to us, we are confident that we should be met at once by an emphatic but baseless claim of ownership. We have herded with these predatory creatures for well-nigh half a century, and we know whereof we speak!

A "QUEER" VICTORY QUEUE

TOMMY: "What are you fellows in line for?"
THE "ANVIL CHORUS": "Waitin' for our orders to strike!"

THIS is, however, by the way. Nature, in her great work of preparing for the summers yet to come, takes no thought of the individual mortal's overcoat or underwear. The matchless beauty of a summer day is not called into being by the wave of a magic wand; and Nature must get busy after her own fashion even though to the less robust it may seem that in her autumn workshop her breath is rude and her hand is rough. 'Tis but the ringing down of the curtain for a brief space of time while the scenery is being set for the next act. The ordinary erring man repines not at the play when the curtain falls. He knows that it will rise again presently on a scene that will be more delightful still; and in that spirit of firm and unwavering confidence he—if he be of common clay—goes out and gets a drink. Even Nature must have time to prepare her transformation scenes; and what we concede to the Thespian mountebank we may not withhold from the universal showman.

THUS, then, in these drab autumn days we may lift up our hearts, gladdened by the thought that the work of producing spring and summer is even now begun, and we may count it our rare privilege to have been taken behind the scenes. The little brown leaf that flutters gaily from the tree in autumn takes with it a message of hope for the harvest of to-morrow. It is going to live again in a new shape and to do its work in a new sphere for our ultimate profit and delight. The wind and rain that weary us at times in autumn days are but the spool and shuttle busily weaving the garment of splendid green and gold that our eyes will presently feast upon. Sadly do we err when we look on autumn as the shroud of a summer that is dead; it is but the swaddling-clothes of a spring that is soon to be born. The work of the life to come is already in hand. There is no death.

One of the "Side Shows"

A SERBIAN MOUNTAIN BATTERY MOVING FORWARD

FRENCH TROOPS RESTING ON THE WAY TO THE TRENCHES IN THE SERBIAN BATTLE-FRONT

Official French Photograph

CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA (RIGHT) AND GENERAL HICHITCH DIRECTING OPERATIONS

The flames of Armageddon, started by Austria's foul blow at Serbia, first burst forth in the Balkans, and now it seems likely that the fires which began the world conflagration will be the first to be quenched in victory

"WE RETIRED ACCORDING TO PLAN."

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"
Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Putting the tin-hat firmly on wily John Turk!"

LONDON, *October* 7, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

REALLY does begin to look, doesn't it, as if the Central Powers are all coming unstuck a bit at last? Anyway, on the strength of breaking the Hindenburg line in umpteen places, routing the old Bulgs, and putting the tin hat firmly on wily John Turk, we've started in, here in England now, on the cheerfullest autumn there's been since 1913. And that's some time back, what?

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AND truly we've cause—if not for revels, for some joyousness; and that without ranging ourselves with the genus super-optimist who, seeing even war through his foolish rose-coloured glasses, belittles even the mighty efforts of our fighting men. Not quite through the wood yet, of course, But we *are* very nearly on the straight—if the final big struggle's yet to come—in sight of the winning post.

> No victor shout, no sound of bell!
> Yet—our hearts tell us all is well,
> And beat, beneath the wounds of Fate,
> Measured and stately and elate.

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UNDER the cheering circs., *rather* sickening, isn't it, that the only flies in the amber *we're* providing here at home—Bolshevism, worse even than the Russian variety, some of us, you know, think the industrial unrest that's always holding up the war so badly? Be worth, *I* think, even the trials and turmoil and time-wasting of that general election it seems we're now not going to have—if only it would result in what someone's just described to me as a "Government with guts!"

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A GOVERNMENT that would sit once for all on the head of Labour and put it in its place; instead of one that turns the other cheek to all Labour's insolence and greediness just to get its votes. Be nice, wouldn't it? For really, you know, the blighters and indeed all these upstart minions at home on whom the war's had such a disastrous effect—are in danger of losing even such sympathy as they used to have from those of us who thought that perhaps, after all, to be hewers of wood and drawers of water couldn't be *very* amusing.

"Mars doth fox-trot with Venus"

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BUT now they're so much better off than any of us—except, of course, their employers and the other war-profiteers—well, it's we who want sympathy, if anyone does. For old age pensions and things are not for the likes of us, and you don't help pay for the war *and* put by for rainy days both at the same time, do you? Still, on the whole, you know, can't help thinking that in the long run Labour would have done better for itself *not* to alienate that vast multitude, the middle classes. Of course, to be lapped in the brotherly love of the Fabian Society is no doubt very pleasant. But it's not half so *useful* as taking the money of all the rest of us. And even Labour won't go on "enjoying" the war for ever.

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TALKING of the war, the latest (apart from the mere matter of our victories), according to the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journa* (who's been over here from New York for a week-end or something), is that this naughty, bad old city of ours is not only "morally crucifying," it's "poisoning and wrecking"—who, do you think? Well, no other than those

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

poor, dear, young things—the "clean-blooded, strong-limbed American soldiers."

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APROPOS, the moralists have been getting a bit fluffed, too, about what's said to be the perfectly *awful* carryings-on at certain Galleries not a mile from Piccadilly, where they dance. Seems Mars (of *all* the Services) with Venus doth fox-trot and bunny-hug and jazz too abandoned-like for decorum.

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HOWEVER, all is not naughty that dances. For instance, to dance for charity—could there be a nicer commingling of pleasure and virtue? In the interests of the funds of that splendid institution the Surgical Requisites Association I am asked to say that there are to be dances every Thursday at the Grafton Galleries, starting this very one, and to be increased to two a week later—if there's a demand. There's to be Ciro's first band (which is *some* band, as you know) and a Gunter's tea, hours from four to seven. And the tickets are 10*s.* 6*d.*, to be obtained from the Hon. Sec. of the Surgical Requisites Association, at 17, Mulberry Walk, Chelsea.

"You are either a jazzer or an anti-jazzer"

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I THINK even those of us who do not dance in war-time will be justified, don't you, in taking along to these a party of those who do? And it may, who knows, be the "open sesame" for the "lonely soldier"—who still exists, believe me or believe me not.

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IF you've been to the new Palace revue, *Hullo, America!* you know, of course, that the ultimate syllable in ragtime is done to the "music" of the jazz band, and at the double. In the States, so I have just been reading, you are, war or no war, just now either a jazzer or an anti-jazzer.

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"IF you are a jazzer you talk about jazz music being the germ of American life, more ragtime than ragtime, more exciting than the movies—in short the epitome of modern music and movement. But if you are anti-jazz you say it is the product of an element that should be barred from the home and that it is decadent. . . ."

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TALKING of matters charitable, I have been very particularly requested to tell every one about the Tribute Sale that's to be held at the Grafton Galleries, in November, to complete the endowment of the many beds needed at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital for Women in the Euston Road. From antiques to garden produce, from books to white elephants, anything you can spare, all will be most gratefully received for the sale. And the cause is, perhaps, all the greater for being devoid of the glamour of khaki. We are all only too anxious to help our soldier-men, but perhaps, you know, it's almost more important to help our soldiers' women. The Garrett Anderson Hospital, with its woman staff, does wonderful things for its women patients. But it wants more money, for, *not* being a war institution, the war has hit it hard.

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FINALLY, as I said in the beginning, 'tis decidedly on the cheery side this war-autumn's setting in. The dodgasted (the American language is very much in fashion just now) price of everything—now about four times what it was in those prehistoric days before the war—seems to make no difference. The hotels charge what they will, and feed you as they will, but they say they turn down mighty crowds of would-be pay-anything-and-eat-nothing visitors at the Carlton, the Savoy, the Ritz, Claridge's, Waldorf, Berkeley, Piccadilly, and Langham.

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THE "Days" are beginning again, also the charity mats., and the smart picture shows and sales and bridge parties, though as to these last, cast a horrid gloom, they say, Mr. Justice Darling's "cruel" sentence on two of the best-known "West-end" gamblers. By the way, I rather like this little story anent the gambling spirit that I heard last night from a Fusilier captain man.

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THERE was a night alarm and with their gas masks on all were standing to in the trench breathlessly waiting for the Boche to attack. As the officer passed along the line he heard a hoarse whisper from the top: "Cut you twice through the pack, Bill, for five bob!" I believe the owner of the voice is now "doing time" somewhere after a hectic interval as an officer in a crack regiment. But I like the spirit, don't you? It's the sort that puts it over on the Boche every time.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

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No Shortage There

PASSED BY CENSOR

Our familiar friend is not troubled with fuel difficulties. The Kaiser has supplied him with ample reserves

Essence of Wells

The Critics and H. G. Wells

It seems the fashion to be rather contemptuous towards Mr. H. G. Wells. I have heard his new book, *Joan and Peter* (Cassell: 9*s.* net.), called all sorts of names. I even heard an intellectual-looking man say in an intellectual book-shop that he wouldn't read such "tripe" if he were paid to do so. The reviewers seem either to be annoyed at a man daring to write a book of seven hundred pages in these days of Controllers or to feel aggrieved at a novelist refusing to tell only a story. Now, as everybody ought to know by this time, Mr. Wells's ideas of what a novel should be are very distinctively his own. You may disagree with them, but that is your affair. You needn't read him. You may say: "Give us another *Anticipations* or another *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, but don't go mixing the two and taking seven hundred pages to do it," but I venture to believe that you will place *Joan and Peter* among the bigger books of the time. It has not the thrill of *Mr. Britling*, but if only for the very moving figure of Oswald, with his conception of true empire, it should win affection even from circles which heartily dislike Mr. Wells and all his theories.

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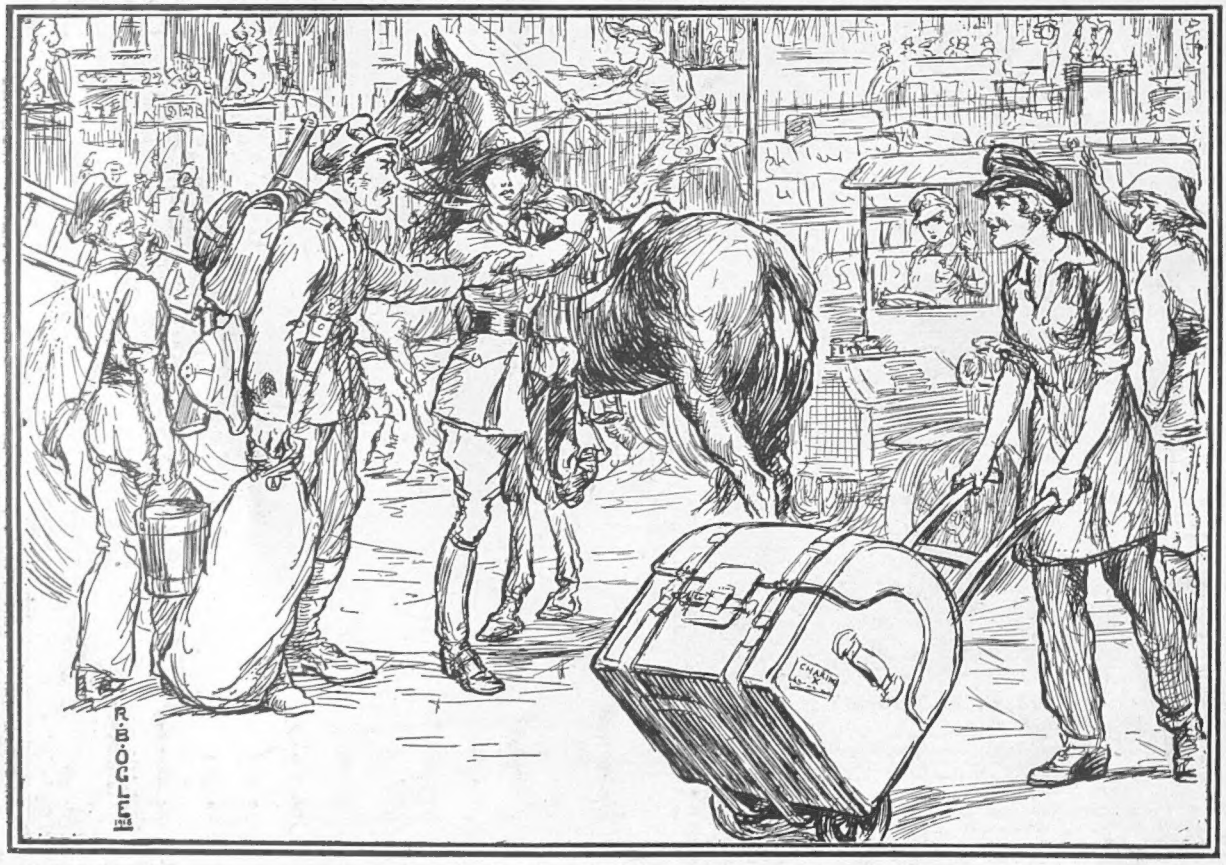
Attack and Commentary

Joan and Peter, indeed, is many things. In the first place, it is another of those now frequent attacks on our modern English education. In the second place, it is an historical and sometimes romantic commentary on the rise and progress of the twentieth century. In the third place, it is the fairly simple story of two children brought up together during that period which facetious historians of the future may, perhaps, describe as the Decline and Fall of the Tall Hat. You may think the book too abusive—there are, I consider, passages that might well have been omitted—but the whole is essence of Wells. It is so unmistakably not a book that has been written because its author thought he would like to continue writing. Mr. Wells is tremendously in earnest, and he is an artist. Joan and Peter may be forgotten for whole sections, as some of the critics have pointed out, but if Mr. Wells wants to forget them, why shouldn't he? He is big enough to make his own rules. And they are not really forgotten. The world swung about Joan and Peter as about a hundred thousand other young innocents. They are fair enough representatives of their age, and what more do you want? Read the book, however, and criticise it for yourself. If you want to abuse the author afterwards, do so; but I fancy you will prefer to examine how far you agree with him, and where you part company. And the price asked is not really excessive.

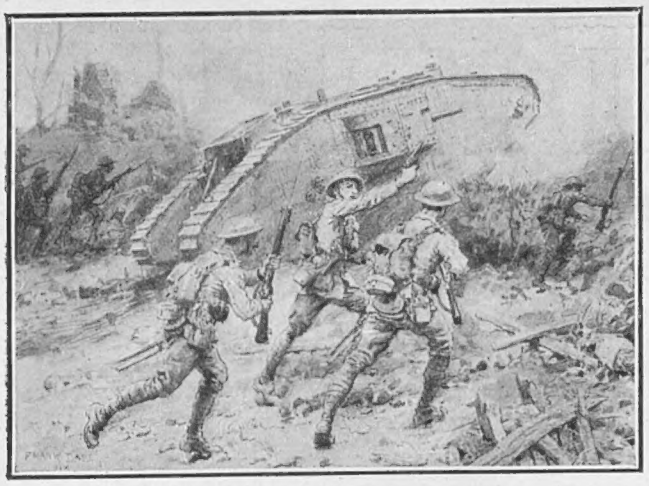
R. S.



PASSED BY CENSOR

THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE EMPIRE

TOMMY (*home on leave after three years in the East*): "Pardon me, guv'nor, but where 'ave they hid all the girls?"



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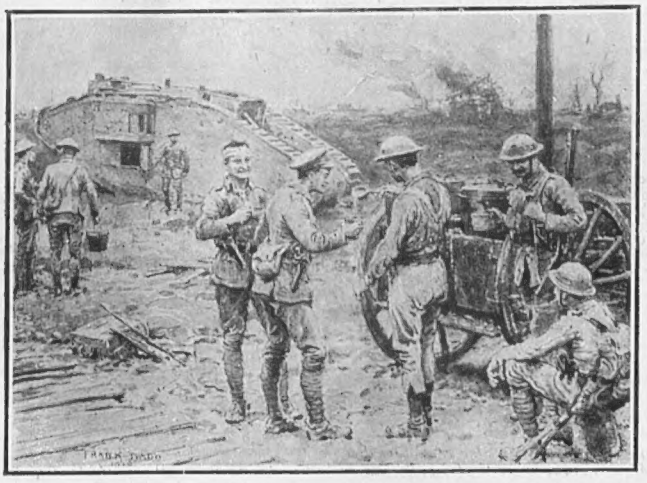

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WHERE FLYING MEN ARE FITTED OUT

Service Dress in Khaki

is still allowed. In matters sartorial the R.A.F. is in a transitional state, and opinions are divided on the merits of the new blue. There may be further changes before the final decision. Meantime it is well to be on the safe side by adhering to the old pattern. For one thing there need be no waiting, as supplies are ample.

Dunhill kit bears witness in fabric, fit and fastenings to the unique experience and skill of the house of its origin. Its reputation among the men who man Britain's air-fleet is established.

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Khaki Service Tunic (badges extra)
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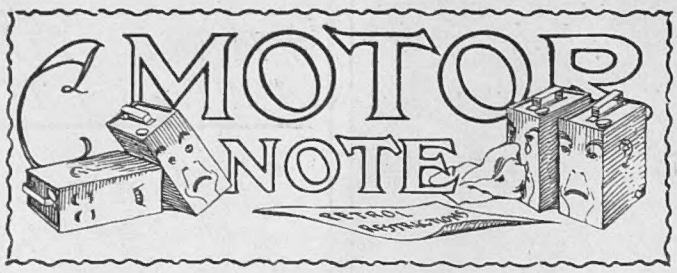

SOME weeks ago I made a few brief, bright, and brotherly remarks upon the magneto situation. Those remarks followed on the heels of a tour of inspection of various Midland works, where the evidence was plain enough to the eyes of the layest of laymen that there was at least one department of industry (there are many others, but they are not in the present story) where all was passing well with the British child. We started the war mere clay in the hands of the Bosch, so far as magnetos were concerned, and we had real occasion to be very sorry for ourselves therefor; but to-day we have worked a revolution that must give the Bosch potter most furiously to think.

* * *

RECENTLY, by the courtesy of the great Vickers organisation, known as the British Lighting and Ignition Company, Ltd., and hereinafter called the Blic, I had the opportunity of inspecting the plant in Tottenham Court Road originally designed by Bosch for his English headquarters, but taken over by the Blic after German militarism decided to commit suicide in an expensive way. That was a nicely felicitous taking over. To capture the enemy's headquarters in the enforced absence of the enemy was not, I agree, a very great achievement in itself; but as a symbol of the intention to capture the market upon which headquarters depended, it was as pregnant a proceeding as anyone could wish. We have that market to-day firmly held in the clenched fist of an organisation big enough and brainy enough to hold it against all comers.

* * *

THAT is my faith, based upon the evidence of the Blic works and of those other works to which earlier reference was made, and of the products of those works. This is sure: we are making vastly better British magnetos than were made by Bosch before the war, and, so far as we have the materials for comparison, we are making vastly better magnetos than the enemy is making to-day. Given equal or superior goods, we only want organisation of the processes of production and marketing to be certain about the outcome of any competition, particularly in our own territory—and apart, of course, from any attempt at a dump. The processes of production appear very healthy. The processes of marketing must wait for their test until after the war. They *ought* to be all right; and if we cannot handle a dump to the dismal detriment of the dumpers, we shall be undiluted duffers. On the whole, I risk most cheerfully the prophecy that the British magneto has arrived for keeps. We have only to let our imagination loose upon the future of the internal combustion alow and aloft, and to reflect upon the prime importance of efficient ignition in relation thereto, and we have a sufficient idea of the national value of this British achievement in the realm of the magneto. The only other thing we have to worry about is to see that we keep in line with ignition development, lest peradventure other methods come seriously to competitive adoption. As to that, however, more anon.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

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"Victory"

WHEN VICTORY COMES.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

DAWN!
The birth of a new world.
The world of Youth.
A world in the birth throes of new and clean ideals born of the agony of years of bleeding and suffering.
The birth of Love.
After ages of pain.
When Victory comes, and the foul menace of militarism is swept aside!
When Youth, the fetters struck from his limbs, the bandage loosed from his eyes, no longer gagged, a slave, stretches his weary limbs, gazes at the man-mutilated earth, and lifts his eyes to the Sun.
When the tortured world grows once more glad.
When a veil of flame-like flowers and cool green grasses is cast over the scarred and blistered battlefields. When children's laughter rings once more in ruined places and lovers make their tryst where desolation made its home.
When Victory Comes.
The Victory that Youth has fought for, bled and died for.
The Victory of Youth—Love.

"Victory?"
In the council chambers the shrill triumphant squeals of the old men will issue forth. "It is our Victory! Looked what we have gained!"
And Youth, fresh from the memories of the blood, the lice, the stench, the unspeakable filth, will listen with the smile of mockery to the sterile pipings of "Victory! Victory is ours!" from gnarled and skinny throats,
Youth alone has paid the price, and alone will claim the Victory. Youth has for years been stricken down, bound hand and foot, hemmed in, thwarted, tongue-tied. Youth has gained the Victory and brought an end to the Sacrifice, to the Holocaust of the boyhood of the world.
Youth has given everything, while Age, giving nothing, has taken all. And when Age croaks, despairing, "We have won the great Victory," they will be unheeded. Age has ruled in the past by hate, and the world is weary of hate. Youth will rule in the future by Love. And Love is not for the old, the impotent, the sterile. The boastful cries from withered throats will be unheard, drowned by the fierce pipings of Pan.
Victory means Peace, and Joy, and Life, and Love—a world which seeks beauty and does not goad to deeds of ugliness.
And Youth, his limbs unshackled, no more the slave of Age, his soul his own, is once more free and Lord of Life.
Then Victory comes.

Victory! * * * * *
And Love, crowned in roses, laughs aloud.
The rising sap, the mating birds, the bursting blossoms, the young things in the fields.
No longer now the envious hand of Age has power to tear the lover from his mate, to poison sacred wells of love with Death, and spoil each love embrace with tortured fear that it may be the last; to crush the heart of woman with the dread her child may never hold its father's hand.
When Love is born again.
After the ages of pain.
When Victory comes and Youth and Love can reign.
When Youth returns to the Arms of the Beloved.
When long-craved hope is won. Wonderful hope, revelling in greatness. Wild, throbbing, absorbing, rising to a shout of joy. Intoxicated by power. Passionate! Overwhelming!
Sweeping aside convention, tradition, all that is old, all that has lived and is dead.
The birth of a new World.
A world of Love.
So Victory comes!

These impressions are not merely idealistic; they are written with a deep and personal knowledge of the mind of the fighting man silently enduring hell, and with a great sympathy for Youth, who is paying the whole price in the World Tragedy.—H. D. B., 14, OLD BOND STREET, W.

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